

# Phillis forsaken,

## In Pursuit of CORIDON.

Behold fair *Phillis* by her Love forsaken  
 In search of him that will not be o're taken,  
 Whilst she (poor soul) her cheeks with tears bedewing,  
 Roves over hills and dales in vain pursuing.  
 'Twould melt a marb'e heart, her sad complaining  
 Whilst he seems deaf, her Love and she disdaining.  
 To the Tune of, *Daphnæ's Complaint*, or *O my Love*, &c.



As I went abroad to play  
 In a morning fresh and gay,  
 Hearing the sweet Nightingale  
 Tell her sad and dolefull tale.  
 Strait I heard a voice to cry,  
 O my Love, O my Love,  
 O my Love why dost thou fly,  
 Pity me or else I dye.

At the first I was amaz'd  
 And with greedy eyes I gaz'd,  
 Till at length I saw where stood  
 Phillis in a pensive mood.  
 Mournfully she thus did cry,  
 O my Love, O my Love,  
 O my Love why dost thou fly,  
 Pity me or else I dye.



Turn O turn sweet Coridon  
 Do not thus thy Phillis wrong,  
 Hearken to my woful plaint,  
 For with sorrow I am satnt,  
 Whilst I strain my voice to cry,  
 O my Love, O my Love,  
 O my Love why dost thou fly,  
 Pity me or else I dye.

Tell me dearest tell me plain  
 Why thou dost my Love disdain,  
 Wherein have I done a miss  
 That I am debarr'd of bliss.  
 Listen to my woful cry,  
 O my Love, O my Love,  
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**O** Hard hearted Shepherd turn  
 Let not Phillis longer mourn,  
 See her tender body's torn  
 With the bramble and the thorn,  
 Hearken to my mournful Song,  
 O my Love, O my Love,  
 O my Love why dost thou fly,  
 Pity me or else I dye.

**W**hy art thou more cruel far  
 When the Tyger and the Bear,  
 Do not bear so fierce a mind  
 As the wild beasts in their kind,  
 Hearken to my dolefull cry,  
 O my Love, O my Love,  
 O my Love why dost thou fly,  
 Pity me or else I dye.

**E**ach green fields and shady Grove  
 Bear you witness of my love,  
 And the little Lambs which play  
 In the flowry field so gay,  
 Hear me whilst with grief I cry,  
 O my Love, O my Love,  
 O my Love why dost thou fly,  
 Pity me or else I dye.

**A**ll you pretty birds that sing  
 And you Chrystal streaming Springs  
 That do murmur as you glide  
 By the pleasant Meadows side,  
 Bear a part when I do cry,  
 O my Love, O my Love,  
 O my Love why dost thou fly,  
 Pity me or else I dye.

Printed for W. Whitwood at the Golden Lion in Duck Lane,

**P**an thou god of Shepherd Swains  
 Telling these Arcadian plains,  
 Cast an eye upon my grief  
 Coridon hath plaid the thief.  
 Pity me when I do cry  
 O my Love, O my Love,  
 O my Love why dost thou fly,  
 Turn again or else I dye.

**V**enus with thy naked top  
 After sorrow send me joy,  
 Stop my Lober in his Race  
 And bring him to me face to face,  
 That he once may hear me cry,  
 O my Love, O my Love,  
 O my Love why didst thou fly,  
 Pity me or else I dye.

**Y**ou fair Symphs that sport and play  
 And Diana's laws obey,  
 Did you not meet my Coridon  
 Tell me which way he is gone,  
 That I once may cease to cry,  
 O my Love, O my Love,  
 O my Love why dost thou fly,  
 Pity me or else I dye.

**T**hus fair Phillis did complain  
 On the pleasant flowry plain,  
 Till at last her Lober came  
 For to ease her of her pain.  
 Then she thus began to cry,  
 O my Love, O my Love,  
 O my Love why didst thou flye.  
 Ease me of my misery.